

The Famous Flower of SERVING-MEN;

O R,

The Lady turn'd Serving-man,

Her Lover being slain, her Father dead,
Her bower rob'd, her Servants fled,
She dress'd her self in Mans attire,
She trim'd her locks, she cut her hair;
And thereupon she chang'd her name,
From fair Elise to sweet William.

To a dainty Tu e, or, Flora Farewel, Summer time, or, Loves tide.



You beauteous Ladies great and small,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may understand,
What I have suffered in this land.

I was by birth a Lady fair
By fathers chief and onely heir,
But when my good old father dy'd,
Then was I made a young Knights byde.

And then my love built me a bower,
Bedec't with many a fragrant flower;
A braver bower you never did see,
Then my true love did build for me.

But there came thieves late in the night,
They rob'd my bower, & slew my Knight,
And after that my Knight was slain,
I could no longer there remain.

My Servants all from me did flye,
In the midst of my extremity:
And left me by my self alone,
With a heart more cold then any stone.

Yet though my heart was full of care,
Heaven would not suffer me to despair,
Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name,
From fair Elise to sweet William.

And therewithal I cut my hair,
And dyed my self in mans attire,
My Doublet, Hose, and Weber-hat,
And a golden band about my neck.

With a silver Rapier by my side,
So like a gallant I did ride,
The thing that I delighted in,
Was to be a Serving-man.

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The Second Part, to the same Tune.

Thus in my sumptuous mans array,
I bravely rode along the way:
And at the last it chanced so,
That I unto the Kings Court did go.

Then to the King I bo'rd full low,
My love and duty for to shew:
And so much favour I did crave,
That I a Servingmans place might have.

Stand up brave youth, the King reply'd,
Thy service shall not be deny'd:
But tell me first what thou canst do,
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

Wilt thou be Wither of my Hall,
To wait upon my Nobles all:
Or wilt thou be taster of my Wine,
To wait on me when I shall dine?

Or wilt thou be my Chamberlain,
To make my bed both soft and fine?
Or wilt thou be one of my guard,
And I will give thee thy reward.

Sweet William with a smiling face,
Said to the King, if I please your grace,
To shew such favour unto me,
Your Chamberlain I fain would be.

The King then did the Nobles call,
To ask the counsel of them all,
Who gave consent Sweet William he,
The Kings own Chamberlain should be.

Now mark what strange things came to pass,
As the King one day a hunting was,
With all his Lords and noble train,
Sweet William did at home remain.

Sweet William had no company then
With him at home but an old man:
And when he saw the Coast was clear,
He took a Lute which he had there.

Upon the Lute Sweet William playd,
And to the same he sung and said:
With a pleasant and most noble voice,
Which made the old man to rejoice.

Printed for J. Wolfe, next door but one to the Rose-Inn, near Holbourn bridge.

Sweet William's Song.

MY father was as brave a Lord,
As ever Europe did afford,
My Mother was a Lady bright,
My Husband was a valiant Knight.

And I my self a Lady gay,
Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array,
The bravest Lady in the Land,
Had not more pleasures to command.

I had my musick every day,
Harmonious Lessons for to play,
I had my Virgins fair and free,
Continually to wait on me.

But now alas my Husbands dead,
And all my friends are from me fled,
My former joys are past and gone,
For now I am a Serving-man.

The end of Sweet Williams Song.

At last the King from hunting came,
And presently upon the same,
He called for the good old man,
And thus to speak the King began.

What news, what news old man, quoth he,
What news hast thou to tell to me,
What news the old man he did say,
Sweet William is a Lady gay.

If this be true thou tellest me,
I'll make thee a Lord of high degree,
But if thy words do prove a lie,
Thou shalt be hanged up presently.

But when the King the truth had found,
His tears did more and more abound,
According as the old man did say,
Sweet William was a Lady gay.

Therefore the King without delay,
Put on her glorious rich array:
And upon her head a crown of gold,
Which was most famous to behold.

And then for fear of further strife,
He took Sweet William for his wife:
And he like before was never seen,
A Serving-man to be a Queen.